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Bridgton Reporter.

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THE BORROWED TEAPOT.

I was to have company to tea, and among them was Mrs. Clinton, who lived in a style if not beyond my ambition, yet far beyond my ability to reach. Her house was larger than mine, and furnished with exquisite taste. But then her husband was richer, and she had only six in family, servants and all, while my family counted up as high as the round number ten. The difference, as every housekeeper knows, was considerable.

All the rest of my expected company were as far as circumstances were concerned, on about my own level, and intimate friends.

With them as my guests, I would have been altogether at ease, and had a "good time of it," but I had been invited to tea at Mrs. Clinton's, and the present occasion was designed as a return compliment. Mrs. Clinton was, therefore, to be the honored guest; and, during all my preparations, she was uppermost in my thoughts.

During the afternoon, I went to my china closet to make a survey of its contents, and see how my set could compare with Mrs. Clinton's. Hers was splendid, and embraced a variety of articles of which mine could not boast. How poor, almost mean, looked my plain white china, ornamented with a simple gold band, contrasted in imagination with the richly chased silver tea service, and gayly decorated porcelain of Mrs. Clinton. I was really depressed by the comparison, and felt that everything would look so different in the eyes of my guest, that she would ever after regard me as a person of little consequence.

Poor, weak human nature!

I looked at the plates, cups and saucers, teapots, dishes, cake baskets, &c., with a vague, dreamy sense of mortification, and, if my purse had not been almost a state of collapse, I verily believe that I would have gone off to a china-store and purchased a new and more elegant tea set.

As I stood musing in the closet, now examining this article, and now that, as bad luck would have it, I knocked over one of the teapots, and broke off a small piece, not much larger than a pea, from the upper edge of the spout.

What a catastrophe! I sat down and cried over it, to begin with. Then I bethought myself of liquid glue, and made a trial of sticking on the little angular bit of china. But, as the surgeons say, the fracture was a compound one, and no skill that I possessed was equal to the task of mending it so as to restore the original appearance. Another good cry succeeded. What was I to do? If Mrs. Clinton had not been one of my expected guests, the accident to the teapot would not have been a matter of such serious concern. But it would never do in the world to have a piece of broken china on my table for her eyes to detect—never! never!

While casting about in my perplexity, it suddenly occurred to me that my next door neighbor, Mrs. Lawson, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, owned a tea set precisely like mine. We had purchased at the same time and at the same store. Light at once broke into my mind, and a mountain was lifted from my heart. I took my pencil and a sheet of note paper, and wrote—

MY DEAR MRS. LAWSON: I have been so unlucky as to break the spout of one of my china teapots; and, as I expect company to tea, am in a sad state of perplexity. It has just occurred to me that your sets are alike, and I know it will give you pleasure to keep me out of my trouble by letting me have one of yours for the evening. I will take particular care of it, and send it home early in the morning. Very sincerely,

JANE SMITH.

This note was immediately dispatched by my chambermaid, who, after staying long enough to weary out my patience, came back with the teapot.

What did Mrs. Lawson say, Ellen? I inquired.

She said, ma'am, she hoped you would be very careful of the teapot.

Of course I will be, Ellen. I said as much in my note.

Yes, ma'am. Ellen stood, with her eyes upon the floor, a little demurely as if there was more in her thoughts than she just felt free to utter.

Did Mrs. Lawson say anything else?—I inquired.

Nothing to me in particular, ma'am. Only I don't think she wanted to lend the teapot.

Why do you say that, Ellen?

She looked as if she didn't, ma'am.

My impulse was to return the article at once. But a moment's reflection told me that this would not do. The risk of offending a neighbor was involved, besides the danger of losing the good opinion of my expected guest, Mrs. Clinton.

Very well, Ellen, said I. We mustn't read looks too closely. The teapot will get no harm. In the morning be sure to return it early.

I was a little fretted at the ungracious manner in which Mrs. Lawson had granted me a trifling favor, the first I had ever asked at her hands. And it will be the last, I added, mentally.

Preparations for the evening entertainment now went on with due rapidity. As twilight began to fall the guests dropped in, one after another, Mrs. Clinton making her appearance in good season. My heart gave a little flutter as I saw her form in the passage, and heard her footsteps ascending the stairs to the chamber set apart for the occasion, as a dressing-room. I could hardly force myself to remain in the parlor; but due respect to my other guests prevented my leaving them.

I fear that, in my reception of Mrs. Clinton, when she came into the room, was a trifle of overacting, which did not pass unobserved by my friends. The lady was quiet, self-possessed, and met me in a frank, familiar way, that was entirely free from self-consequence, or ostentation. She was dressed in good taste, but not with any display of rich material or costly ornament. She made herself quite at home with my other guests, only a few of whom she had met before, and altogether, made a good impression on every one.

Tea was announced in the course of time, and we repaired to the dining-room. I had already carefully inspected the table arrangements, and the condition of things in the kitchen. The muffins, oysters, coffee, &c., were all right; but the table furniture looked mean in my eyes, for I saw it all in contrast with the elegant service of Mrs. Clinton.

There is no occasion to describe the sitting at the tea table. All my guests appeared to enjoy themselves, and I would have been in a like comfortable state if I could have believed that Mrs. Clinton was not drawing unfavorable conclusions from the plainness of my china, and the absence of a silver service—weak, foolish woman that I was!

The rest of the evening passed away as such evenings usually pass. All my friends were in good spirits, and Mrs. Clinton found herself altogether at home among them. As she was retiring, about eleven o'clock, she took my hand, and said with what seemed to be genuine heart-warmth—

You have given me a real pleasure, Mrs. Smith. These friends of yours are charming ladies, and I hope to make their more intimate acquaintance.

Yet there had been a death hand at the banquet—visible at least to my eyes. Besides my weak pride, which made me dread the criticisms of my guest, the borrowed teapot was an annoyance. Every time I lifted it, my grasp was nervous, and I did not once set it down without striking it against the coffee-pot, sugar-bowl, or cream pitcher. That some accident was to befall it, seemed almost certain.

After my company had retired, I went forthwith to the kitchen to see if the teapot was safe; for that now rested upon my spirits with a weight of concern. An uneasy look and movement on the part of the cook and chambermaid warned me that some thing was wrong.

I hope Mrs. Lawson's teapot is safe? said I.

The face of Ellen flushed, and that of the cook grew pale.

Mercy, girls! I hope nothing has happened to that teapot! was my alarmed exclamation.

Indeed, indeed, ma'am,—I—I—tried to be careful! stammered the cook.

What? Where is it? I was no little excited.

Maybe it can be mended, suggested Ellen, who had turned to the dresser, and now stood before me with Mrs. Lawson's china teapot in her hand sadly marred in its fine proportions by the loss of half the spout.

I clasped my hands together, sank upon a chair, and burst into tears.

Don't take on so about it, ma'am, said Ellen. Sure and you can send in one of your own teapots to Mrs. Lawson, and she'll never will be the wiser for the change. Aren't they just as like as two peas?

True enough, Ellen, I made answer;—and thank you for the suggestion.

Ellen had already turned to the dresser, and was advancing toward me with the one

ly sound teapot of the three, when her foot struck the corner of the settle, and away went the china smashing upon the floor into a hundred pieces.

Och! murder! murmur! rung in my ears above the din of the breaking china; and in dismay I fled from the scene of ruin.

I cried myself to sleep, as may be supposed. Bright and early on the next morning I sallied forth to try and match the broken teapot. Alas! this I found impossible, and, after a two hours' search among the china-stores, returned home in a state of mind the most uncomfortable that can be imagined.

The only thing left for me to do was to send in my own remaining teapot, disfigured by a small fracture in the spout, and to explain the matter to Mrs. Lawson in the best way it could be done. So I prepared another note, and Ellen departed, with the teapot, on her delicate mission. She came back in a few minutes, teapot in hand, and with a face like scarlet.

She's an insultin', onreasonable woman, so she is! ejaculated Ellen, in a passion.

What did she say? I inquired, as calmly as I could speak.

Why, that she didn't want your old broken teapot; and that she never lent anything in her life that it wasn't broke or injured; and she didn't see what people meant by borrowing their neighbors' things forever; and a great deal more that I can't remember. She did go on shameful, Mrs. Smith; and, if I was you, I'd send her in the money for her teapot—no great things, after all, to make such a fuss about. I told her it was all an accident, and not your fault; and if she'd been anything of a lady she wouldn't have said a word about it.

Here was a nice piece of business! Ellen fretted and scolded, while I remained dumb with perplexity.

What'll you do, ma'am? inquired the indignant girl, seeing that I answered nothing.

I can't say just now, Ellen. I must take a little time to think. Put the teapot away in the dresser, and I'll see what is to be done.

When my husband came home at dinner-time I told him of my perplexity, and received this comforting answer:—

Served you perfectly right, Jane.

And you don't sympathize with me a bit? said I, almost weeping with vexation.

Not at all! You know my sentiments about borrowing, perfectly. As for borrowed things, I wonder anybody can have the courage to take them into keeping, for some fatality is almost sure to befall them.

But what am I to do? I can't match the teapot in the city.

Send in a new tea set.

Most probably she won't receive them.

Mrs. Smith only shrugged his shoulders.

I got no comfort nor counsel in this quarter, I never do in such cases.

All day I brooded over the matter, and in the evening went to see Mrs. Lawson. She received me rather distantly, and when I related to her the chapter of accidents which had occurred, and spoke of how grieved I was that her teapot should have shared as disastrous a fate as mine, she coldly replied that it was of no consequence at all, and she was sorry I had taken so much trouble to match the set.

Her manner chilled me through and through, it was so freezingly polite.

I felt no better after this interview than before, but rather worse. Could I have been permitted to pay for the teapot, or even to purchase for Mrs. Lawson a new set of china, the matter would have assumed an improved aspect. As it was, my hands were tied, and I saw before me a relation to my neighbor that must be embarrassing. In that my anticipations in no way belied the existing facts. We meet now and then, accidentally; but a distant politeness marks the interview. Oh, that broken teapot!—Would that it were in my power to obliterate its memory forever!

A few weeks after the memorable evening on which Mrs. Clinton was my guest, I happened to make one of a company where she was present; and I also happened to be near enough once during the evening, unobserved, to overhear a few words between her and a lady, about myself. I was, of course, a compulsory listener. The lady was a friend who had taken tea at my house with Mrs. Clinton, and they were speaking of the occasion.

She's a good housekeeper, my friend said; though her style of living is plain. I think she was a little mortified at not being able to set a more elegant table.

I thought everything in exceeding good taste, answered Mrs. Clinton. I know, she added smilingly, that the muffins and oysters were delicious, and the coffee better than any that is served at my table.

Her china is not of the richest fashion.

I'm sure I never noticed the pattern, replied Mrs. Clinton.

Simple white, with gold bands.

Nothing handsomer in my eyes, said Mrs. Clinton. I never went beyond it until my husband sent me a set from France last summer.

I moved away, rebuked in spirit, and yet feeling a sense of relief. False pride, into what a labyrinth of trouble had it tempted me; and I was yet without the clue of extraction.

A GOOD REPUTATION.

The young live much in the future. They are fond of gazing into its unknown depths, and of endeavoring to trace the outline, at least, of the fortunes that await them. With ardent hope, with eager expectation, they anticipate the approach of coming years confident that they will bring to them naught but unalloyed felicity. But they should allow their anticipations of the future to be controlled by a well-balanced judgment, and moderated by the experience of those who have gone before them.

In looking to the future, there is one important inquiry which the young should make: What do I most desire to become in future life? What position am I anxious to occupy in society? What is the estimation in which I wish to be held by those within the circle of my acquaintance?

The answer to these inquiries from the great mass of young people can well be anticipated. There are none among them who desire to be disrespected and shunned by the wise and good; none who are anxious to be covered with disgrace and infamy; none who seek to be outcasts and vagabonds in the world. The thought that they were doomed to such a condition would fill them with alarm.

Every discreet youth will exclaim, "Nothing would gratify me more than to be honored and respected as I advance in years; to move in good society; to have people seek my company rather than shun it; to be looked up to as an example for others to imitate, and to enjoy the confidence of all around me."

Surely there can be none so blind to the future, so lost to their own good, as to prefer a life of dissipation, and its ever accompanying wretchedness, to respectability, prosperity, and true enjoyment. But how are these to be obtained? Respectability, prosperity, the good opinion of the community, do not come simply at our bidding. We cannot reach forth our hands and take them, as we pluck the ripe fruit from the bending branch. Neither will wishing or hoping for them shower their blessings upon us. If we would obtain and enjoy them, we must labor for them—EARN them. They are only secured as the well merited reward of a pure and useful life.

The first thing to be aimed at by the young should be the establishment of a good CHARACTER. In all their plans, anticipations, and prospects for future years, this should form the grand starting point—the chief corner stone. It should be the foundation of every hope and thought of prosperity and happiness in days to come. It is the only basis on which such a hope can mature to full fruition.

A good character, established in the season of youth, becomes a rich and productive moral soil to its possessor. Planted therein, the Tree of Life will spring forth in vigorous growth. Its roots will strike deep and strong in such a soil, and draw thence the utmost vigor and fruitfulness. Its trunk will grow up in majestic proportions; its wide-spreading branches will be clothed with a green, luxuriant foliage, and at length each limb and bough shall bend beneath the rich golden fruit, ready to drop into the hand.

Beneath its grateful shade you can find rest and repose when the heat and burden of life come upon you; and of its delicious fruit you can pluck and eat, and obtain refreshment and strength when the soul becomes wearied with labor and care, or the weight of years. Would you behold such a tree? Remember, it grows alone on the soil of good reputation. Labor to prepare such a soil.

To a young man a good character is the best capital he can possess to start with in life. It is much better, and far more to be depended on than gold. Although money may aid in establishing a young man in business under favorable circumstances, yet without a good character he cannot succeed. His want of reputation will undermine the best advantages, and ruin will sooner or later, overtake him with unerring certainty.

When it is known that a young man is well informed, industrious, attentive to business, economical, strictly temperate, and moral, a respecter of the Sabbath, the Bible, and religion, he cannot fail to obtain the good opinion and the confidence of the whole community. He will have friends on every hand, who will take pleasure in encouraging and assisting him. Blessed with health, such a youth cannot fail of success and permanent happiness.

But let it be known that a young man is ignorant, or indolent—that he is neglectful of business or dishonest—that he is given to intemperance, or disposed to visit places of dissipation, or to associate with vicious companions, and what are his prospects? With one or more of these evil qualifications fixed upon him, he is hedged out of the path of prosperity.

To cover up such characteristics for a great length of time, is a moral impossibility. Remember this, I beg of you. It is beyond the power of mortals to conceal vicious habits and propensities for any long period. And, when once discovered, who will repose confidence in such a youth? Who will trust him, or encourage him? Who will give him employment? Who will confide anything to his oversight? Who will render him assistance in his business affairs when he is straightened and in need of the aid of friends?

How can the young secure a good character? Its worth, its importance, its blessings we have seen. Now, how can it be obtained? This is a question worthy the serious consideration of every youth. Let me say, in reply, that a good character cannot be inherited. However respectable and worthy parents may be, their children cannot share in that respect, unless they deserve it by their own merits. If they would inherit their parents' good name they must imitate their parents' virtues.

A good character cannot be purchased with gold. The glitter of gold cannot conceal an evil and crabbed disposition, a selfish soul, a corrupt heart, or vile passion and propensities. A good character cannot be obtained by simply wishing for it. It is only by persevering industry and patient toil, contented to take one step at a time, that his wish is gratified, and the good character secured.

Let the young fix their eyes upon this prize of a good reputation—the only end worth striving for in life. Let them studiously avoid evil practices, corrupt associates and vice examples. Let them patiently and faithfully lay the foundations of virtuous habits, and practice the lessons of wisdom and the precepts of religion, and in due time the prize shall be theirs. The spotless wreath of a virtuous character shall rest upon their brow, and the commendation, the confidence, and the good will of man shall accompany them.—[Arthur's Magazine.]

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Come, Joe, tell us what made you turn pale, awhile ago, when Jack told us that he had seen a grave, and asked you whose it was."

"Bah, boys! turn pale, did I? There are circumstances in the lives of most men who live on the frontier, which to have them recalled, will make them turn pale. And mentioning that grave, and asking whose it was, recalled a fearful event in my experience. But as the knight is young yet, I will tell you about it; and perhaps it will be a warning to you never to trust too much to a stranger, or throw temptation in his way."

Thus spoke your humble servant, some months ago, to a party of prospectors, of which he was one. The following is the story to which I alluded above:

Several years ago, I was out with a party prospecting for silver, high up the Gila River. We had been sometime without meeting with any success, and were returning to Fort Yuma, disgusted with the country. We had left the Pimos village a day's journey behind us, when we fell in with a man traveling the same way that we were. He was without grub or blankets, and said he was going to California. As we had some spare mules, we told him that if he could ride a pack saddle, he could go on with us as far as Fort Yuma. None of us liked the looks of the fellow—he had such a thoroughly villainous expression. But as he seemed so badly used up, we took pity on him and made him the offer that we did. He accepted without any hesitation. We found him very taciturn, never speaking unless he was spoken to. When we camped, he would take the saddle off his mule, and go off by himself, never helping to get the grub ready; and when it was ready, he would come and pitch in with the rest of us. However, though we did not like him or his actions, we said nothing, thinking he might have some secret sorrow that we had no right to pry into. We had travelled two days, when what I am about to tell you occurred.

We had camped at noon, and as the weather was very warm, some one proposed that we should all take a bath. All hands felt that it would be a deliciously cool amusement bathing in the shade of the cottonwood trees which hung over the banks of the river. We stripped instantly, and were soon enjoying ourselves gloriously. I had a belt round my waist with several twines in it, and took it off to give me free play in the water. I laid it down on my clothes carelessly, never thinking of hiding it from any of the company, as they all knew that I had the money, and I had no idea that the stranger would be

tempted to take it. As I came out of the water I noticed the stranger looking very longingly at my belt, but thought no more about it. That night, from some cause, I could not sleep well, and when I would fall into a state of unconsciousness I was troubled with such wild-like dreams that I would rather I had remained broad awake. At last, about midnight, I went to sleep soundly; how long I lay I do not know, but I awakened suddenly to find some one kneeling over me and very carefully cutting my shirt open. Now I have always had the power (call it presence of mind, or anything else,) of comprehending in an instant all that is going on around me, no matter from how sound asleep I may be waked. It is anything but pleasant to wake up and find oneself in the power of a desperado who will have no hesitation in plunging a knife into your heart. I felt myself in anything but an enviable situation, knowing that the slightest indication on my part of being awake would cause the villain to give me between the ribs the length of his bowie, or the contents of his pistol. For although I could not see his pistol, I felt sure that he had it handy. To secure my pistol without letting him know that I was awake, was a very delicate operation, and I attempted to accomplish it in the following manner:

My pistol and bowie were both under my saddle, which I used for a pillow. I threw my right arm up over my head, taking care not to touch the robber, and yawned, as if I was half awake, but ready with my left hand to catch his arm in the event of his attempting to stab me. I had my eyes partly shut, so that he could not easily see them glisten, but sufficiently open to see his every move, which I could easily do, as it was a clear starlight night. On the instant that I moved he raised his arm to strike, and I was nearly betraying to him my being awake by throwing up my left hand, but some strong impulse prevented me from doing it, and he held his knife suspended to give the blow had I made another move.—When I threw my hand over my head, with the same movement I placed it under the saddle and on the butt of my pistol, which was cocked ready for use. I lay in that position for about half a minute, but it seemed like an hour. By that time I had power over my breathing, which on first waking came very quick. As soon as he thought that I was sound asleep again, he lowered his hand and commenced operation on my shirt, clearing it away from the belt. Then I thought my opportunity had come, and tried to jerk my six shooter, but it was foul some way, and it would not come. I thought that my time had arrived, for, as quick as thought he drew and struck with his knife. He struck at my throat. My eyes were broad open then, and I saw where the knife was coming. By a quick involuntary movement, I threw myself aside, and he must have over-reached himself, for the knife stuck into the saddle, and so tight, that he could not get out. In trying to get my pistol my hand touched the cold silver hilt of my bowie.—Instinctively I took hold of it, abandoning the pistol, and was nerving my arm for the blow, when I felt the cold muzzle of a pistol against my forehead. I struck out blindly, and, as I did so, there was the stunning report of his pistol. How I escaped I do not know; my face was blackened with the powder, and my whiskers nearly burned off, but that was about all the damage done to me. My blow, though struck at random, had proved a severe one. My knife had gone into the left side of his neck, inside of the collar bone. The knife must have reached his heart for, as I drew out to strike again, he fell on me with his whole weight, and his blood spitting all over my face. He gave one quiver, and stretched out his length and lay perfectly still—stone dead!

The whole transaction did not take three-quarters of a minute. The report of the pistol had aroused the company—every man sprang to his arms. Some were looking for the mules, while others were asking who fired the shot, and where the Indians were. I called to the boys to take the dead man off me, for I was as weak as a child. A couple of them did as I requested, while others threw fresh sage brush on the half-smouldering camp-fire, and we soon had plenty of light to see what had happened. I told the boys all about what had occurred. We found all the mules in their places but mine, which was staked off about twenty yards from camp, with one of the other boy's saddle and bridle on her. I went into the river and cleansed myself from his blood, and then sat down by the camp-fire, where I remained till morning, unable to sleep.

On the 9th inst., the descendants of Mrs. Polly Stevens of Stamford, Ct., gathered at her house. Of the one hundred living, eighty were present on this occasion. A table was set in a grove of trees, and at this were seated the venerable mother with her children, grand-child, great grand-children, and one great-great grand-child!—five generations on the stage of life at one time, and all together.











## MISCELLANY.

For the Reporter.  
SHADOWS.

Slowly the shadows are stealing,  
Across the eastern sky:  
Spreading their starry mantle,  
Where'er they tread on high.

They first peep above the horizon,  
Then up to the zenith they rise,  
Drawing their mantle proudly around them  
March down the western skies.

They tread the mighty circle,  
The pathway of the sun;  
They follow in its course by night,  
Disperse when day's begun.

They're like unto life's shadows,  
That steal across our way,  
Before the light of our great Redeemer,  
They softly melt away.

LILLIE LINN.

To MARY. I am thinking of the time,  
Mary when sitting by thy side, and shelling  
beans, I gazed on thee, and felt a wondrous  
pride. In silence leaned we o'er the pan, and  
neither spoke a word, but the rattling of the  
beans, Mary, was all the sound we heard.—  
The auburn curls hung down, Mary, and  
kissed thy lily cheek; thy azure eyes half  
filled with tears, bespoke a spirit meek. To  
be so charmed as I was then, had ne'er be-  
fore occurred, when the rattling of the beans,  
Mary, was all the sound I heard. I thought  
it was not wrong, Mary, so leaning o'er the  
dish, as you snatched up a handful of beans,  
I snatched a nectared kiss. And suddenly  
there came a shower, as I neither saw nor  
stirred; but the rattling of the beans, Mary,  
was all the sound I heard.

COULDN'T FOOL HER. The Lafayette Cour-  
ier tells an amusing story of some young  
ladies and gents of that place who were tak-  
ing a social walk near the cemetery, when a  
ghost appeared. They all ran but one sturdy  
woman, of the strong-minded class, who  
stood at her post, when she seized it, and  
thrust out of his frightful disguise, a mischiev-  
ous fellow, who had heard the pro-  
ject of walking near the graveyard discussed  
and hid himself there to give the party a  
fright. She led him back to the house, and  
in reply to the questions that now poured in  
upon her, she said—'Can't fool me! I have  
seen too many men in sheets to get frightened  
at them.'

A SHORT CHAPTER ON INTERVIEWING. Ain't  
it curious, Squire, a wedding is never out of  
women's heads? They never think of noth-  
ing else. A young gal is always thinkin' of  
her own. As soon as she is married she is  
a match making' for her companions, and  
when she is a grain older, her darter's wed-  
din' is uppermost again. Oh, it takes a  
great study to know a woman! How cun-  
nin' they are! Ask a young gal the news,  
she'll tell you of the deaths in the place—  
to make you think she don't trouble herself  
about marriage! Ask an old woman, she'll  
tell you all the marriages—to make you  
think she's takin' an interest in the world  
that she ain't. They certainly do beat  
all—women do.

The first symptoms of love in the wisest  
of the world's philosophers were certainly  
very remarkable. "Leaning," said Socrates,  
"my shoulder to her shoulder, and my head  
to hers, as we were reading together in a  
book, I felt, it is a fact, a sudden sting in my  
shoulder, like the biting of a flea, which I  
still felt above five days after, and a contin-  
ual itching crept into my heart."

A middle-aged man lately presented him-  
self at the matrimonial altar. The clergy-  
man having surveyed him for a moment,  
said: "Pray friend I think you have a wife,  
already living?" "It may be so, sir," said  
he, "for I have a very treacherous memory."

\* An advocate having lately gained a suit  
for a poor young lady, she remarked: "I  
have nothing to pay you with, sir, but my  
heart." "Hand it over to the clerk, if you  
please. I wish no fee for myself," he replied.

If you want to annoy, and puzzle, and baf-  
fle a man full of trick and duplicity, you  
have only to practice a straightforward and  
simple integrity.

An eminent testator would only consent  
to sit for his portrait on condition that he  
should be taken in water colors.

There is one thing that the most unob-  
servant person manage to see—that which  
we do not wish him to see.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot  
shed over another without a few drops fall-  
ing on one's self.

Sawdust pills are said to be an excellent  
remedy for the dyspepsia, if taken in a wood  
house.

Some of the Chinese in California have  
silver watches so large that they use the ca-  
ses to fry potatoes in.

The "golden mean," of which people talk  
so much, is now discovered to be money.

The height of politeness is said to be hold-  
ing an umbrella over a duck, in a shower of  
rain.

The prevention of fits is to buy your  
clothes at a shop shop.

A man is obliged to keep his word when  
nobody will take it.

## Health and Happiness

### SECURED.

THE CONCENTRATED CURE  
A POWERFUL REMEDY  
FOR WEAKNESS  
FOR WEAKNESS  
FOR EARLY INDISCRETION  
FOR EARLY INDISCRETION  
TRY IT! TRY IT!  
TRY IT! TRY IT!

It is prepared by  
AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN OF THIS CITY,  
And has long been known here as  
THE ONLY REMEDY  
That would surely and permanently restore  
to a Natural State of Health and Vigor,  
persons weakened by excess, or by  
THE INDISCRETIONS OF EARLY YOUTH.

Although not many months have elapsed  
since it was first generally introduced by  
means of extensive advertising, it is now cur-  
ing a vast number of

THE UNFORTUNATE!  
Who have been led to  
MAKE A THING OF HIS VIRTUES,  
are rapidly recovering their wonted  
HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

This preparation is NOT A STIMULANT, BUT  
A PURELY MEDICINAL REMEDY.  
The afflicted are invited to try it.

IT WILL SURELY CURE.  
Send for a Circular first, read it carefully,  
and then you will send for the medicine.  
Price per Vial, One Dollar.

Can be sent by mail. One vial will last a  
month.

K. CRUGER, AGENT.  
No. 742 Broadway N. Y.  
A PLEASANT STIMULANT.

For the GENITAL ORGANS can be obtained by  
sending \$5 to the Agent as above.  
SENT FREE BY MAIL.

Circulars or medicines can be procured of  
Druggists everywhere. ALDEN & Co., Ban-  
gor, June 29th 84

DR. MOTT'S  
CHALYBEATE &  
RESTORATIVE  
PILLS OF IRON.

An aperient and Stomachic preparation of  
IRON, purified of Oxygen and Carbon by  
combustion in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by  
the highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe  
and the United States and prescribed in  
their practice.

The experience of thousands daily proves  
that no preparation of Iron is equal to this  
in its effect. It imparts to the blood, depres-  
sion of vital energy, pale and otherwise  
sickly complexions indicate its necessity in  
almost every conceivable case.

Innocuous in all maladies in which it has  
been tried, it has proved absolutely curative  
in each of the following complaints, viz:—  
In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation,  
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhea,  
Dysentery, Incipient Consumption, Scrophu-  
lous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Mismenstrua-  
tion, Whites, Chlorosis, Liver Complaints,  
Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermit-  
tent Fevers, Pimples on the Face, &c.

In cases of Dyspepsia, it is whether  
the result of acute disease, or of the contin-  
ued diminution of nervous and muscular en-  
ergy from chronic complaints, one trial of  
this restorative has proved successful to an  
extent which no description nor written at-  
testation would render credible. Invalids  
so long bed-ridden as to have become forgot-  
ten in their own neighborhoods, have sud-  
denly re-appeared in the busy world as if  
just returned from protracted travel in a dis-  
tant land. Some very signal instances of  
this kind are attested of female Sufferers,  
emaciated victims of apparent marasmus,  
sanguineous exhaustion, critical changes,  
and that complication of nervous and dys-  
peptic aversion to air and exercise for which  
the physician has no name.

In NERVOUS AFFECTIONS of all kinds, and  
for reasons familiar to medical men, the op-  
eration of this preparation of Iron must nec-  
essarily be salutary, for, unlike the old ox-  
ides, it is vigorously tonic, without being ex-  
citing and overloading and gently regulat-  
ing, and apparently malignant, the effects  
of costiveness without ever being a gastric  
purgative, or inflicting a disagreeable sen-  
sation.

It is this latter property, among others,  
which makes it so remarkably effective and  
permanent a remedy for Piles, upon which  
it also appears to exert a distinct and spe-  
cific action, by dispersing the local tendency  
which forms them.

In DYSPEPSIA innumerable as are its cau-  
ses, a single box of these Chalybeate Pills  
has often sufficed for the most habitua cases,  
including the attendant Costiveness.

In unchecked DIARRHEA, even when ad-  
vanced to Dysentery, confirmed, emaci-  
ating, and apparently malignant, the effects  
have been equally decisive and astonishing.

In the local pains, loss of flesh and  
strength, debilitating cough, and remittent  
fever, which generally indicate INCURABLE  
CONSUMPTION, this remedy has allayed the  
alarm of friends and physicians, in several  
very gratifying and interesting instances.

In SCROFULOUS TUBERCULOSIS, this medi-  
cated iron has had far more than the good  
effect of the most cautiously balanced pre-  
parations of iodine, without any of their well  
known liabilities.

The attention of females cannot be too  
confidentially invited to this remedy and re-  
storative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In RHEUMATISM, both Chronic and inflam-  
matory—in the latter, however, more decida-  
tory—it has been invariably well reported,  
both as alleviating pain and reducing the  
swellings and stiffness of the joints and mus-  
cles.

In INTERMITTENT FEVERS it must neces-  
sarily be a great remedy and energetic restor-  
ative, and its progress in the new settlements  
of the West, will probably be one of high  
renown and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the  
whole history of medicine, which exerts such  
prompt, happy, and fully restorative effect.  
Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid ac-  
quisition of strength, with an usual disposi-  
tion for active and cheerful exercise, imme-  
diately follow its use.

Put up in neat flat metal boxes contain-  
ing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale  
by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free  
to any address on receipt of the price. All  
letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to  
R. B. LOCKE & CO., General Agents,  
1322 N. 20 CROSBY ST., Y.

POSTERS AND HAND BILLS  
PRINTED at the Reporter Office with new  
and showy type, at fair living prices.

BEST LONDON PORTER for the sick.  
33 at BAL'S.

DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEM-  
ICALS of all kinds selling cheap at  
BAL'S.

## RUFUS GIBBS,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

### BED BLANKETS

### FLANNELS,

SUCH AS

12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Superfine WITNEY  
BLANKETS;  
12, 11 & 10-4 Extra Witney BLANKETS;  
12, 11 & 10-4 Witney  
12, 11, 10 & 9-4 Swiss Blankets.

CRIB AND BERTH BLANKETS.

4-4 SHAKER AND DOMET FLANNELS.

### Horse Blankets

### YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in

### Dry Goods,

### WEST INDIA GOODS.

of every description

All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE want-  
ed in exchange for Goods.

CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.  
Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. tf6

### BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives  
notice that he continues to  
manufacture Boots & Shoes  
of every description, at his  
old stand at North Bridgton,  
where may be found a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

He also has the right, and manufactures  
MITCHELL'S PATENT

Metallic Tip Boots and Shoes,

for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples  
Watford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryburg,  
and will be happy to furnish those in want of  
anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the  
nature of the business will admit.

JAMES WEBB. tf  
No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

### Attention

is called to a prime lot of

### FAMILY GROCERIES,

ON store which will besold for the  
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, for  
Cash or Produce. I shall henceforth keep a  
first class quality and a prime assortment of

### DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

### STATIONERY,

AND PATENT MEDICINES,  
which will be sold for a small advance on the  
cost. Also, a large quantity and  
prime assortment of

### Confection

### AND FANCY GOODS.

REUBEN BALL.  
Bridgton Center, April 13, 1859. 23tr

### E. T. STUART,

### MERCHANT TAILOR

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of  
the public to his choice stock of

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Fancy

Doeskins, and Vestings,

which he is prepared to manufacture in a  
style and manner calculated to compare fa-  
vorably with the best. Also on hand a choice  
assortment of

### FURNISHING GOODS.

Customers wishing a good article of Cloth-  
ing made to fit in the newest and best style,  
will find this place a desirable one to leave  
their orders.

### READY MADE CLOTHING

Also for sale at STUART'S.  
Terms, *Ready Cash.*  
Bridgton Center

### S. M. HAYDEN,

—DEALER IN—

### BOOKS, STATIONERY,

### FANCY GOODS

AND

### CUTLERY.

Also, DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

and most of the

### POPULAR MEDICINES

of the day.

### PURE WINES

for mechanical and medicinal purposes.

### BRIDGTON CENTER.

### BOURBON ELIXIR.

THE proprietor introduces his Elixir to the  
public with a positive knowledge that it  
will perform all that he claims for it. He  
did not originate it for the sake of having  
something to sell, but to cure himself of Dys-  
pepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing.  
He succeeded completely in doing so, and,  
now, after having established its remarkable  
curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in  
a great variety of other cases, with equal suc-  
cess, he offers it to the public for the relief  
of the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is  
Health and happiness in store for you yet.

IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;  
IT CURES CONSUMPTION;  
IT CURES SORE THROAT;  
IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER;

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled  
System; and there is no medicine known that  
acquires food, to do so much good, that adds  
on much healthy nutrition to the Blood and  
Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon Elixir.

For sale in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden.  
Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nash-  
ua, N. H. 51 ly.

### Custom Work.

A. BENTON would an-  
nounce to his former custom-  
ers and the citizens of Bridg-  
ton generally, that he has  
recommenced making GUS-  
sall orders in the line of

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING,  
for either men, women or children.  
Work respectfully solicited.  
Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859. 49 1y

## CARPETING!

English and American Carpetings

—LATEST STYLES—

In Velvets, Brussels, Three-Plys, Tapestry

### FLOOR OIL CLOTHS;

all widths.

STRAW MATTINGS, RUGS, MATS, & C.

Gold Bordered Window Shades and Fixtures,  
Drapery Materials of Damasks and Mus-  
lins, Feathers and Mattresses, Bought  
at Reduced Rates and will be

sold very Cheap for Cash.

EDWARD H. BURGIN,  
FREE STREET CARPET WARE HOUSE

Chambers No. 1 and 2 Free Street Block,  
OVER H. J. LIBBY & Co's,  
PORTLAND, ME. tf

### GRANT'S

### COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS.

Original Establishment.

J. GRANT,  
Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

### COFFEE, SPICES, SALERATUS

### AND CREAM TARTER.

New Coffee and Spice Mills, No. 13 and 15  
UNION STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

Coffee and Spices put up for the trade, with  
any address, in all variety of Packages, and  
Warranted in every instance as represented.  
Pea-Nuts, and Coffee Roasted and Ground  
51 for the Trade, at short notice. 1y

All Goods entrusted at the owner's risk.

### PARIS STAGE.

A STAGE leaves Bridgton Center, from  
the Bridgton House, Daily, at 7 o'clock,  
A. M., passing through North Bridgton, Har-  
rison, and Norway, connecting at South

Paris with the CARS for Port-  
land, which arrive in Portland  
at 2 o'clock, P. M. Returning,  
leaves South Paris on arrival of the  
1 o'clock P. M. train from Portland, and  
arrives in Bridgton at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The above Stage runs to Fryburg, Mon-  
days, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Returns  
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Down tickets to be had of the Driver; up  
tickets for Harrison, Bridgton and Fryburg,  
sold at the Grand Trunk Depot, Portland.  
J. W. FOWLER, Driver.

### MANSION HOUSE.

The subscribers having leased the  
MANSION HOUSE, pleasantly situated  
at *Merrill's Corner*, for a term of  
years, have refitted and refurnish-  
ed it in the best of style for the ac-  
commodation of Pleasure Parties and others  
arom the city. They desire that their friends  
and the public generally should favor them  
with their visits, and no pains will be spared  
to render their stay pleasant. The house  
contains a

### SPACIOUS HALL

for Dancing and Cotillon Parties, and its  
close proximity to the city, will render it a  
pleasant resort for seigh-ride parties during  
the winter.

Meals furnished at all hours, and good  
conveyances to and from the city by railroad  
and omnibus. W. M. CUSHMAN & Co.  
Westbrook, Jan. 26, 1859. 112

### BYRONGREENOUGH, & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Fur Goods, Hats, Caps, Gloves,

BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES,

NOS. 145 & 150 MIDDLE ST.,  
PORTLAND, ME.

B. Greenough,  
I. K. Morse,  
A. L. Gilkey,

Particular attention is invited to our Stock  
of Goods, it being by far the largest and most  
complete in the market, comprising every var-  
iety of Style, made of the best materials,  
and in a superior manner. 2 ly

### J. W. MANSFIELD,

Wholesale and Retail

Saddle, Harness, Trunk, Valise,

—AND—

### CARPET BAG MANUFACTORY,

No. 174 Middle St., opposite U. S. Hotel,  
PORTLAND, ME. 33

### HORACE BILLINGS,

### Commission Merchant,

—AND DEALER IN—

HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL,  
No. 56 Elm, and 18 and 20 Friend Streets.  
BOSTON.

### ROBERT I. ROBISON,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

### SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL,

LOW FOR CASH.

No. 17, Exchange Street,  
PORTLAND, ME. 11y

### H. PACKARD,

NO. 61 EXCHANGE STREET,  
PORTLAND, ME.

Offers for sale MISCELLANEOUS and

### School Books,

—ALSO—

### SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES

AND QUESTION BOOKS. 44

### ENOCH KNIGHT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BRIDGTON, ME.

OFFICE—Over N. Cleaves's Store.

### ASTHMA

For the INSTANT RELIEF  
OF PERMANENT CURSE  
of this distressing complaint use

### FENDT'S

BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES,  
Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.

107 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.  
Price, 1¢ per box; sent free by post.

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 6m

### BURNHAM BROTHERS